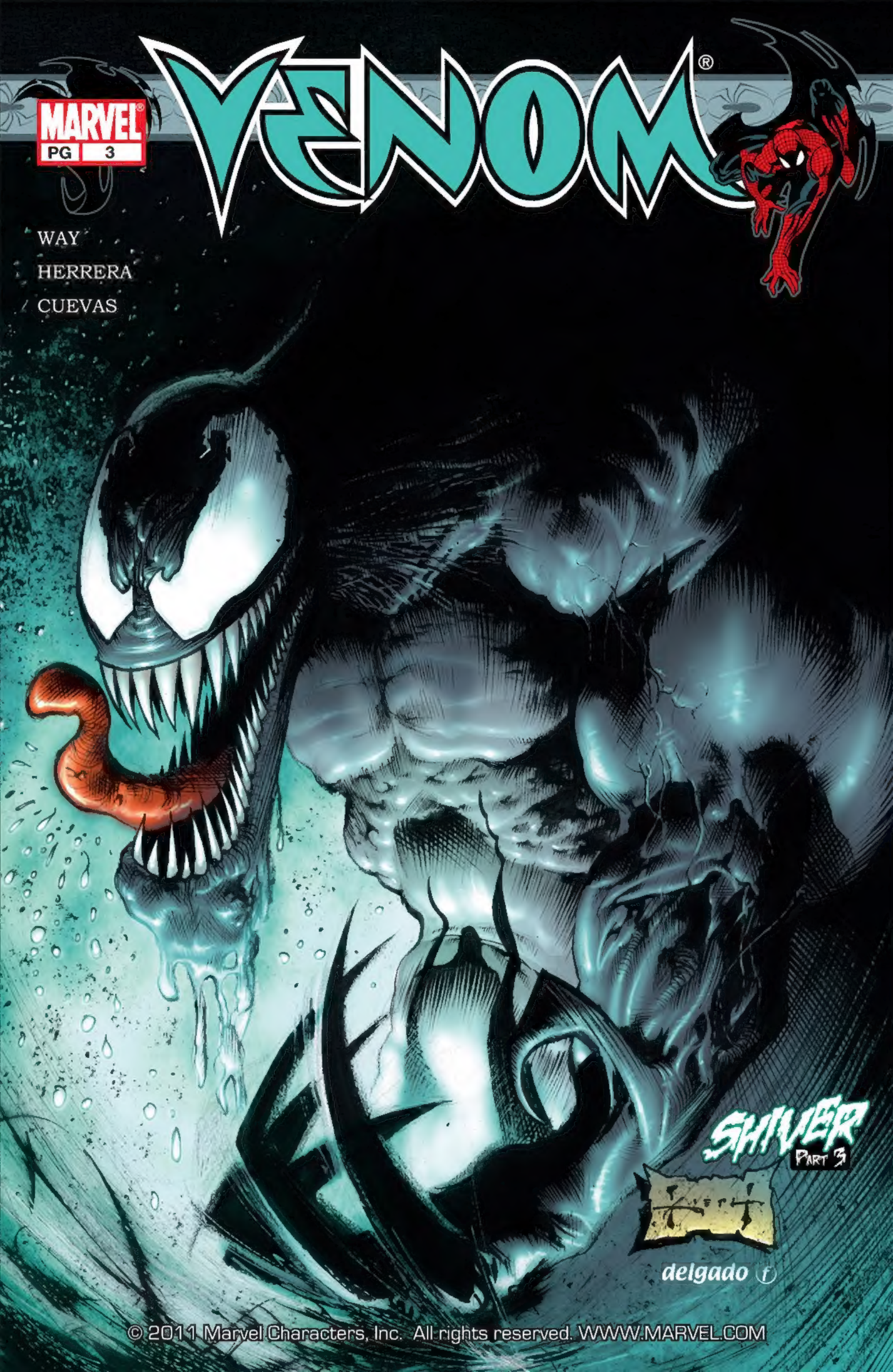

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VENOM #3

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All my life, I've suffered from nightmares of--*things*--shambling out of the dark, coming to *get* me. Reaching out, trying to *catch* me.
My parents took me to a psychiatrist who said my nightmares were symptomatic of my *insecurities* and that they'd eventually go away as I *grew older*.
I'm now twenty-four years old, and I still have them. Every night. The only time they go away is when I *wake up*.
You would think that a lifetime's worth of training would've prepared me for this.
It hasn't. I'm completely helpless.
My nightmare is finally going to catch me, and there's nothing I can do to stop it.
Because I'm not going to *get* any older.
And I'm never going to wake up again.

AH!
FZZAAKT!
HHSSHHHH!

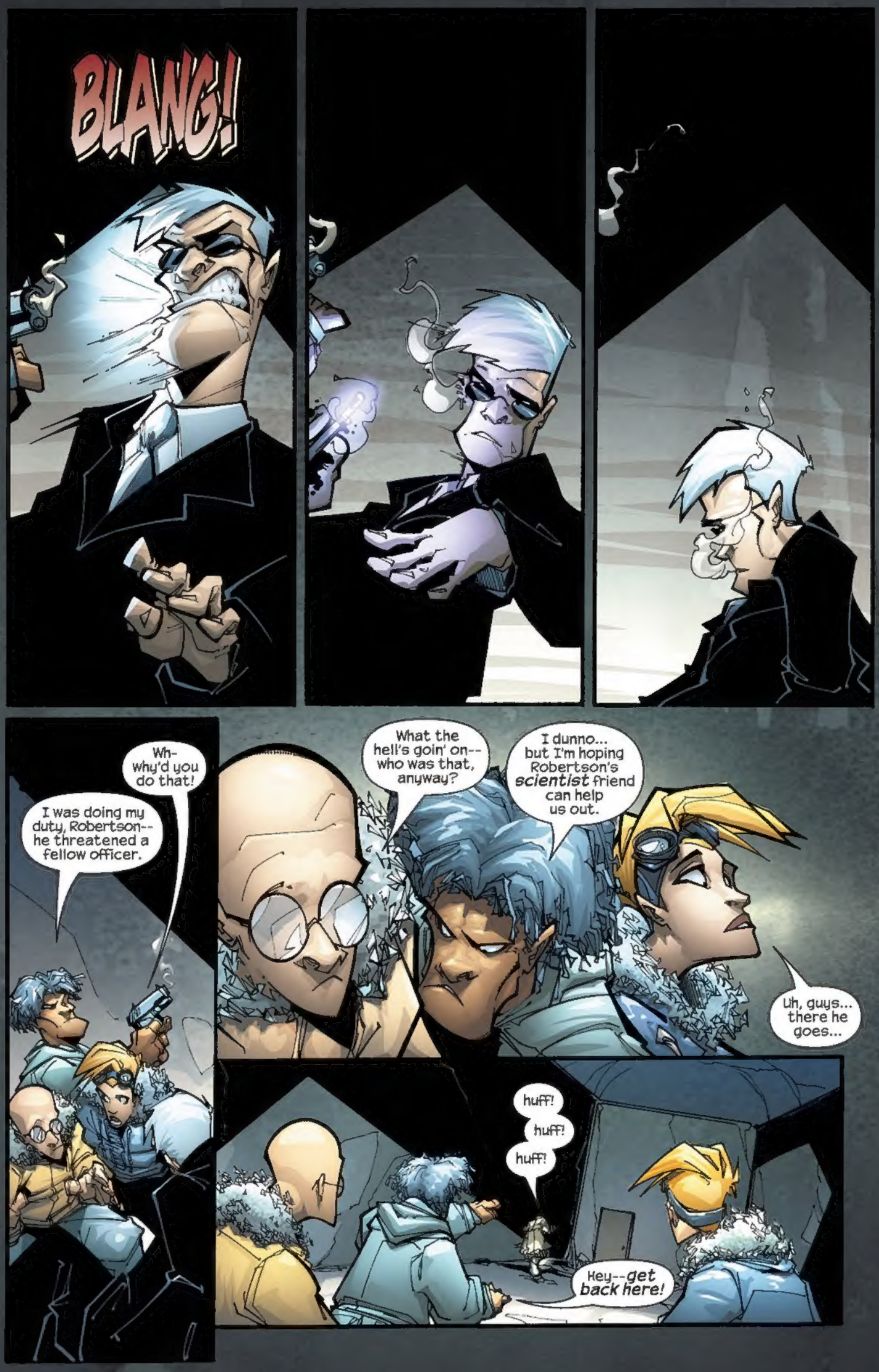
CHZAT!
The creature will recover in seconds.
I advise you to run very quickly.
The force required to terminate the creature has been projected to be fatal to all carbon-based organisms within a thirty-foot blast radius.
You are wasting time. You cannot help them.
But I...
...I can't leave them to die.
That is admirable.
Such conviction is very rare among your species.
SSSHHHH!

SKREEEEEEE!
Gather your comrades and evacuate the immediate area. I have only enough energy for one more assault.
I cannot further allow my concerns for your safety to delay completion of my objective.
Leave, or be destroyed along with the creature.
ROBERTSON... PLEASE...
PLEASE DON'T LET HIM KILL ME...
What the heck is going--
Malone!

BLAM BLAM
ZAAKK!
You have made a terrible mistake.

You have allowed it to escape.
Who...who are you? What was that thing?
It is a parasitic life-form from another planet. I am here to isolate and destroy it.
Wrong answer, pal-- That "lifeform" is our *commanding officer,* and *you're* not gonna do a *damn thing* to him.
This is a U.S. Army installation and you will submit to our authority!
You *have* no authority.
You will do as I say, or you will die.
You might wanna consider gettin' a *helmet* to go with that *flak-jacket* you're wearin' before you start threatenin' *me.*
Put down your gun.
It is not a threat.

The life-form is able to jump from host to host, mimicking that host's appearance and mannerisms, while draining the host-body of vital fluids. The result is death for the host.
Unchecked, it will move on to larger population centers, growing both more powerful and more difficult to isolate.
Thanks for the briefing...I'll be sure to pass it on to H.Q.
Now drop the weapon.
Just gimme the word, Jackson...
Where you been, Delacroix?
...you can explain later.
Around.
Hey! Lower your weapon now, dammit!
You got two seconds!
VVVVHHHHH
You must assume that any potential hosts have been compromised.
Jackson...?
CLICK
Two.


BLANG!
Wh-why'd you do that!
I was doing my duty, Robertson--he threatened a fellow officer.
What the hell's goin' on--who was that, anyway?
I dunno... but I'm hoping Robertson's *scientist* friend can help us out.
Uh, guys... there he goes...
huff!
huff!
huff!
Hey--*get back here!*

Delacroix--go find 'im and bring 'im back.
Roger that.
Robertson and I'll go track down Saunders.
We'll regroup back here at... oh-seven-thirty.
I don't think this is a good idea, Jackson...
You got a better one?
This is S.O.P., Robertson--stick to the plan, an' don't fall apart on me!
Fine.
But I'm taking this guy's phone or gun or... whatever it is.
It is not...a gun.

Ohmygod!
It is a conductor.
ZZZKKT!

KLAK!
DEET-DEET-DEET
I have lost the element of surprise.
It knows that I am here.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!
Confirmed.
It has located transportation.

BLIP! BLIP! BLIP! BLIP!
BLIP! BLIP! BLIP! BLIP!
BEEEEEEP!
WHY HAVE YOU COME FOR ME?

I have come to destroy you.
I know what you are.
YEAH...AND WE KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU.
YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN WE ARE.
That is arguable.
HEH-HEH...
VROOOOOOOOOOHH
WANNA ARGUE?
No.
KZAAAAKT!

SSSHHH!
SKLRT!

CRUNCH
THESE HUMANS...THEY'RE NOT VERY STURDY...
IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL ANY BETTER, HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR QUITE A WHILE.

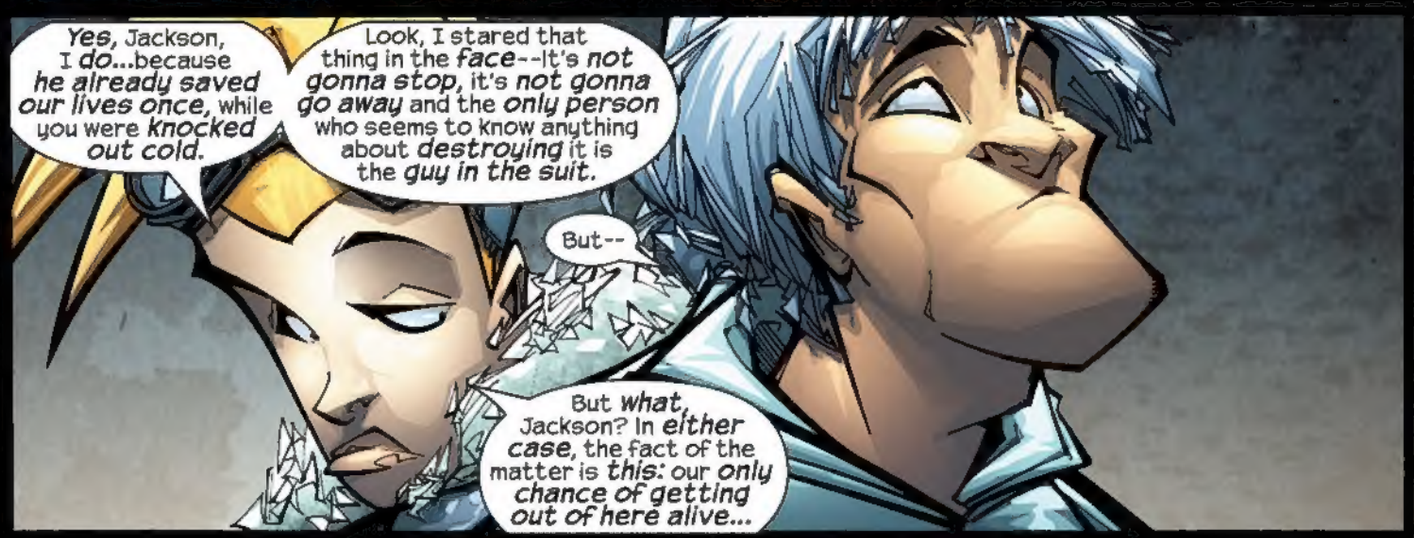
NOT LIKE US.
SSHHHHHHHHHH!

Unhh...
Where... where are we?
We're in the dry storage room. Are you okay?
I...I think so. But there's something wrong with my hands--
Oh, no...
Ohgodohgod-- pleaselemmego!
Hey-- stop it! You're just makin' it tighter!
Relax, okay?
But...
...what if that thing comes back?

I think that's the plan.
What do you mean? Whose plan?
The guy in the suit.
Whoever-- or whatever-- he is...he's usin' us as bait.

But why would he--?
He said that thing feeds off of us, right? Well, here we are--like cheese in a mousetrap.

Well, at least that means he's here somewhere...
And that makes you feel better? D'you really think he cares whether or not we live or die? I mean--


Yes, Jackson, I do...because he already saved our lives once, while you were knocked out cold.
Look, I stared that thing in the face--It's not gonna stop, it's not gonna go away and the only person who seems to know anything about destroying it is the guy in the suit.
But--
But what, Jackson? In either case, the fact of the matter is this: our only chance of getting out of here alive...

"...is him."

EMPIRE